

Getting Thin

is all right, if you are too fat; and all wrong, if too thin already. Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion. Stop over-work, if you can; but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, if you can, there's a limit, however; you'll pay for it.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work—you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.

The genuine has this picture on it, takes no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists, Toronto. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.



MATRIMONIAL.

Ladies wishing to correspond with, or marry Western men, write for particulars; enclose stamp, The Pilot, Winnipeg, Man., box 618.

UNCLAIMED MONEY IN CHANCERY—In Queen's Bench, Ontario, containing 100,000 names of heirs advertised for to claim money since 1700. Send for list from Douglas & Co., 62 Strand, London, England, or Coughlin & Brimble, booksellers, Toronto; a fortune may await you.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, Ontario. Home on two miles, 120 acres in all, 35 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches. Will be sold in one parcel or divided into lots of 10 to 20 acres to suit purchasers. This is a decided bargain. Address: Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 400, Winona, Ontario.

WILL SECURE A HALF interest in Daily Cash Business in your locality where you have no opposition and no competition. It will pay you from \$100 to \$500 weekly guaranteed. No former experience required, as you handle your own money. References exchanged. Address for particulars, Buffalo Business Exchange, Room 32, Mooney Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

DROPSY. We have made dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years. Quick relief. Cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREENESSONS, Box 0 ATLANTA, GA.

Others Are, Why Not You? THE FROST FENCE. Thousands of farmers now selling the FROST FENCE. It will not interfere with your regular work, and will increase your profits. For full particulars and catalogue, THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO. Ltd., Welland, Ont.

CLOTHES WASHER Sent on Trial at Wholesale Price. If not satisfactory money refunded. Guaranteed for one year. Guaranteed for one year. Guaranteed for one year. Guaranteed for one year. Guaranteed for one year.

good machine for agents to handle. Big money made. Thousands in use. For terms and prices address STANDAED SUPPLY CO., Hamilton, Ont.

ALL REFINERS MAKE SUGAR BUT **St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery** MAKES **THE SUGAR...** THEIR GRANULATED IS **100 PER CENT. PURE.**

CURIOUS TYPE OF CRANKS.

Those Who Confess Crimes They Never Committed Annoy the Police.

"The most curious type of crank in the world, in my humble opinion," said an old police officer, "is the fellow who makes a fake confession. The outside public has no idea how frequently that sort of thing occurs. Whenever we have a murder mystery the authorities are absolutely certain to hear from one or more people who assert positively that they have committed the crime and whose stories are generally self-evident fabrications. As a rule the confession crank writes a letter and now and then the communications are so plausible and circumstantial that the police would be thrown completely off the track were it not for the fact that they are always of their guard for just that kind of false lead. It is very strange, and there seems to be absolutely no motive beyond an insane passion for meddling. Occasionally the crank will present himself in person and insist upon being locked up, but his first few words will usually betray him, and unless he is violent he is quietly escorted to the door. A very singular incident of that kind took place seven or eight years ago in connection with a mysterious murder in the "Tenderloin" district.

"One evening a young man who belonged to an excellent family of this city called at headquarters and astonished everybody by declaring he had committed the crime. A little questioning showed that his story could not possibly be true, and finally he admitted that he was lying. My curiosity was highly excited, and, taking him to one side, I tried to draw from him the reason that had prompted such an extraordinary and dangerous piece of folly. He told me, brooding about the case and found a strange and pleasurable excitement in 'making believe' that he was the guilty party. Of course, such a man should have been placed under restraint as a dangerous monomaniac, but the police have no facilities for handling cases of this kind and he was very averse to sending him to an asylum. I see him frequently on the streets. Some few false confessions are made for the deliberate purpose of misleading the authorities, and, again, they are sometimes made by prisoners solely to secure a transfer to another city. It is a brand of crankiness that might well interest a specialist."

A Man of Letters.

Mrs. Hoorn—but, Mandy, I don't see why you don't want to marry Elias Bonblossom. He's prosperous enough. He's just put a new "L" on his house.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in the last few years and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to science for Catarrh. It is a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the formation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

An undertaker in Union, Tenn., recently used his hearse in pursuing his daughter, who had eloped with his assistant. Could the undertaker overtake her is a problem left unsolved by the accounts.

Explanation Satisfactory.

"What made you so long coming?" asked the boss. "I was here because I was short," said the workman. "Hay?" "I had no car fare and had to walk."—Indianapolis Press.

Minard's Liniment cures diphtheria.

The rivers of the Emerald Isle have generally a dark color, owing to the fact that most of them, at some point in their course, flow through peat marshes or bogs, which impart a dark hue to the water.

Mrs. Neighbors—I advertised for a plain cook last week, but I didn't receive a single reply. Mrs. Neighbors—Take my notice that I advertise for a good-looking kitchen lady, and you'll be overrun with applications.—Exchange.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty cents a bottle.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in any case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Understood Chickens. Mr. Nextdoor—Merely taking down a little of the paling so that I can move my chicken coop over into your yard.

"Oh! My yard?" "Yes, I like to be neighborly and considerate of other people's feelings, you know." "But—er—" "Yes, you shan't have any more cause to complain about my chickens scratching up your yard." "But you are moving your whole coop over on my property?" "Yes, I like to be neighborly and considerate of other people's feelings, you know."

Laws for the Soudan.

Benign paternal government is to be the general note of Soudan administration in the earlier stages of its organization, says a Cairo correspondent. Here are a few of the chief heads of the new code just promulgated:—The importation, manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquor is prohibited. No persons will be allowed to sell land or to make loans at usurious rates. Even mortgages will be subject to formal authorization. Trade, industry and navigation are free, and every citizen is a magistrate in his own district.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure diphtheria.

JOHN D. BOUTELLIER. French Village. I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup. J. F. Cunningham. Cape Island. I know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. JOSEPH A. SNOW. Norway, Me.

Few Go to the Riviera.

The Riviera is in despair. It is being boycotted by the British, in the same way the Paris Exhibition was, simply because Mr. Kruger was in France, and the French made up their minds to show their spite against ourselves, that our people would not take any notice of our lively neighbors, and gave them a very berth. Quite right, too. We are glad to hear that during the last fortnight in November, and the first fortnight in December, the falling off in bookings from London, on the same period's figures, of last year, has been 95 per cent. This, so the local papers say, was owing entirely to the idea that Oom Paul might arrange to remain in the south of France during the winter. Although it has been a remarkably mild season, it is satisfactory to know that the old hypothesis has been shown to be correct by all the great Powers, France, of course, alone excepted. But no one treats France seriously; she is a sort of international L'ouchouere.—Western, Eng. Mercury.

A POCKET PHYSICIAN

Is something unique to be had in a CATARRH OZONE INHALER. This wonderful convenient little instrument is very versatile; it actually kills those nasty colds in the head in about half an hour, and is therefore a trusted friend at this season. Sore throat is relieved very quickly by inhaling CATARRH OZONE, which also strengthens weak lungs and proves a valuable aid to patients recovering from pneumonia. For the voice nothing is half so good, and all great singers who have a clear strong voice, ministers and public speakers use CATARRH OZONE and say they would not be without it, because it prevents hoarseness and renders the voice capable of greater endurance. As for Catarrh and Asthma, CATARRH OZONE is the only remedy that permanently cures them, and Bronchitis and Throat Irritation are cured by it very quickly. Ladies affirm that for headache and tired feeling across the eyes nothing is so helpful as CATARRH OZONE. Where deafness has resulted from Catarrh and not from a structural defect CATARRH OZONE is an effective treatment and always restores the hearing. It is a preventative as well as a cure, and such are its germicidal properties that, when inhaled four times daily, it retards the development of the bacilli of consumption, Diphtheria, Catarrh, etc., and those who use CATARRH OZONE are insured against these diseases. CATARRH OZONE is a pleasant, fragrant refreshing treatment sold with a guarantee on each package that it cures. It is safe as a domestic use at any time and place, and a definite use pleased to have you try it and tell the inhaler and sufficient extra inhalers be two months' use for \$1.00. Regular 25c trial size for 10c to cover postage and boxing by N. O. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

AN ODD INSCRIPTION

With Quotations From the Bible and T. Paine

A MICHIGAN CEMETERY

While mother and I were recently attending the funeral of my aunt, Mrs. Sarah Jane Smith, in the town of Buchanan, Mich., and visiting relatives in Chicago, Buchanan and Detroit, I had occasion to visit the Buchanan Cemetery, called Oak Ridge Cemetery. I was shown by my friends the monument of an infidel, the largest monument in the cemetery, excepting the soldiers' monument. The inscription on this monument begins as follows—

A FREE THINKER'S MONUMENT.

Joseph Convey was born in Ireland, County Cork, Jan. 29, 1805. Died Feb. 11, 1897. He died as he lived, a disbeliever in the Bible, God and Christian religion. He had no use for priests and churches. The following inscription this man ordered engraved on his monument years before he died. Free thought, free religion, free speech, free press, the more peace the more plenty, the more priests the more poverty, the more saints the more hypocrites, the more religion the more lying. Sunday reading. Nature is the true God; science the true religion; the world is my country; to do good is my religion; a word to the effect that the constitution is the end of liberty. Beware how you unite Church and State. Catholics will burn heretics; Protestants will hang associates; the Bible, God is not all powerful. He drove out the inhabitants of the mountains but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valleys; they had chariots of iron. Judges 10. John Wesley said unless you obey God and honor King (George) you will be damned. I say let the arts and sciences supersede kinglycraft, priestcraft, superstition and bigotry. The Holy Prophet said the tree that does not bear good fruit is hewn down and cast in the fire. Science tells you, graft it, and well did the Holy Inquisition obey the order, but the time is not far distant when the oil of debauchery will be burned, in place of men and women. The Christian religion begins with a dream, and ends with a murder. Remember Mary Dyer hanging on the big elm tree in Boston Common, a victim to Christian superstition. Priestcraft and exemption is a source of danger to Republican Governments. The heathen's prayer is, "O Lord, forgive my enemies, and then me," but the Christian cries amen to their damnation. Don't forget Cotton Mather and his reverend associates. All Christian denominations preach damnation to the other. Thirty-two thousand virgins given, by command of God to an army of twelve thousand to debauch—Numbers 31, chapter. A poor consolation to mothers!

Brought to Reason.

He was out walking with a young lady who had a decided antipathy to cigarettes, but not being aware of her prejudice he lighted one of the little rolls and began puffing with great gusto, inhaling the fumes deep into his lungs and then blowing great rings up at the moon, which gazed tranquilly down on his folly. Offended by his presumption, she said with dangerous urbanity—"Do you know I can read fortunes in cigarette smoke?" "Indeed," exclaimed the unsuspecting youth, "perhaps you'll condescend to read mine."

The Printing Dog.

There is one dog who makes his living by driving a printing press, says the Cornhill Magazine. It is only a development of the old turnip business, but the dog prints a whole edition of 1,000 papers in one hour. The dog is named Gypsy, and is the property of Messrs. Carroll and Bowen, proprietors of the Plymouth, Wisconsin, Review. He is a two-year-old English mastiff, weighs 100 lbs., and does his work by running around in a wooden wheel eight feet in diameter. To the wheel is attached a belt connecting with the press in the next room, and when the dog has worked off his copy with one press he sets to work on another.

Couldn't Catch Him.

"That Mr. Phypas has been drinking, hasn't he?" "I guess he has. But it's all the fault of the mistletoe hanging there from the chandelier. Phypas was all right until the mistletoe Miss Buzzsaw sat down at the piano and screeched, 'The Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine.'"

The Word Which Has Once Escaped Can Never Be Recalled.—Horace.

"There are so many barks on the sea," remarked the girl who was leaning over the rail. "Perhaps they come from the ocean greyhounds," suggested her tall companion.

BRITISH GENERALS.

Where Commanders of Soldiers of the Queen Were Born.

Lord Wolseley was born at Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, June 4, 1833, of Irish parentage. Lord Roberts, at Cawnpore, India, in 1832, of Irish parentage. Lord Kitchener, at County Kerry, Ireland, in 1839, of English parentage. Sir Redvers Buller, at Domes, Crediton, Devonshire, England, in 1839, of English parentage. Lord Methuen, at Gorsham, Wiltshire, on Sept. 1st, 1845, of English parentage. Sir George Stewart White, at Whitehall, County Antrim, Ireland, on July 6th, 1835, of Irish parentage. General Charles Francis Clery is of Irish parentage. General John Denton Pinkstone French was born in 1852, of Irish parentage. General Hutton at Torquay, in 1845, of English parentage. Colonel Otter was born near Clinton, Ontario, in 1845, of English parentage. Right Hon. George Jonchen was born in London on Aug. 10th, 1831, his father being of German extraction. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford was born at Phillipstown, County Dublin, Ireland, on February 10th, 1846, of Irish parentage.

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS

ARE LEFT WEAK, SUFFERING AND DESPONDENT.

A Nova Scotian Who Was Attacked Almost Gave Up Hope of Recovery—His Experience of Value to Others.

(From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, Nova Scotia.)

Mr. C. E. Johnson is about 28 years old, a gold miner by occupation, is well known about the mining camps in these parts and is thoroughly posted in his business. Not long since Mr. Johnson chanced to be in Porter's drug store, in Bridgewater, when a case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was being opened, and he remarked to the clerk, "I saw the time when a dozen bottles of those pills were of more value to me than the best gold mine in the country." A reporter of the Enterprise happened to hear Mr. Johnson's rather startling remark and asked him why he spoke so highly of the pills. Mr. Johnson's statement was as follows—About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe, which kept me from work about three weeks. I did not have it very hard apparently, but it left me weak all the same. After, after losing three weeks, I concluded to go to work again. The mine was working in making a good deal of water and I got wet the first day. That night the old trouble came back, with the addition of a severe cold. I managed to get rid of the cold, but the whole force of the disease settled in my stomach, kidneys and joints, and boils broke out on my body and limbs. My back was so weak I could scarcely stand alone, while food in every form distressed me, and I became so nervous that any unusual noise would overcome me. I tried several sorts of medicine, but none seemed to do any good. I next went to a doctor. His medicine helped me at first, but after a short time lost its effect. He then changed the medicine, but with no better result. About this time a clergyman who called at the house advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box and used them, but they did not materially benefit me. I had now been some weeks ill and was feeling desperate. A friend strongly advised me to go to a hospital for treatment, and I had just about decided to do so when an acquaintance, learning I had taken but one box of the pills, suggested that I should try three boxes more before giving them up. The matter of money decided me on trying the pills again. I got three boxes, and when used I was quite a bit improved. I could eat light nutritious food, slept better and felt noticeably stronger. But I was still an invalid. As the pills were doing a good work, however, I sent for eight more boxes. I continued using them till all were gone, when I felt that I was restored to health. All my stomach trouble had disappeared. I was fully as fleshy as before the first attack of la grippe, my nerves were solid as ever, and I knew that work would give strength to my muscles. So, after about six months I went to work again and did not have a sick day since. One dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and gave me better health since than I had before, and that is why I said they were worth more to me than any gold mine, for all that a man has he will give for his life.

Competition, the Spur.

Socialism is not a practical solution of the problem of organization for a modern industrial State. A State so organized, with the spur of individual initiative removed, and with the natural inventors and captains of industry confounded in the ranks of co-operative laborers, would steadily drift behind her rivals, organized upon the competitive system, until poverty, social disorganization and the flight of the best blood to other countries would drive her rapidly along the road to industrial decay and social barbarism.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Valuable Advice to Rheumatics.

Eat meat sparingly, also very little sugar, avoid damp feet, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Ner-vine as an absolute reliever of pain. Five times stronger than any other. Its power over pain is simply beyond belief. Get a bottle at your druggist, test it, and see if it is not so. Medicine dealers sell it everywhere.

Of Course She Does.

Mrs. Murphy—Do you use condensed milk? Mrs. O'Farley—I think it must be condensed. There is never more than a pint and a half in a quart.—Tit Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A sale of forty-two heavy draught colts was held at Guelph by Messrs. Stewart & Burton, of Fort MacLeod, Alberta.

The life of an Australian native rarely exceeds fifty years.

MONSOON

is sold only in sealed packets, never in any other way. Get a packet from your grocer and try it. It is delicious.

MONSOON

INDO-CYLON TEA.

WHERE CONFUCIUS SLEEPS.

Honor Paid by Chinese to the Venerated Sage's Grave.

A visit to the tomb of Confucius is the chief incident described in Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg's article on "China's Holy Land," in the October Century.

Still weary from climbing Tai-shan I left on the following morning for Kiu-fu, the home of Confucius. After an easy trip through most beautiful and fertile country, I arrived at the huge city wall, over which I saw the yellow-tiled roofs of the Confucius temple and of the palace of the present duke, the lineal descendant of the Sage.

The tomb of Confucius is situated about two miles outside the town, and, in order not to arouse the suspicion of the ignorant population, I determined to visit it before entering the city. Consequently I sent one of my soldiers to the duke's secretary, praying that the gates of the family graveyard should be opened to me. The orders of the Viceroy had, however, preceded me, and on my arrival at the gates I met some chamberlains of the duke, in great state already waiting. After profound bowing, they led the way to the most sacred spot of the Chinese empire, which, so far, has been seen only by one or two white men. Fortunately, the vicar of the German Catholic mission of southern Shantung, a most learned man and excellent Chinese scholar, had joined me on the way, and I was thus able to get translations of the inscriptions on all the numerous portals, bridges, temples, and tombs.

Passing through the temple, which contains nothing but a large tablet of sacrifice of red acquer, I entered the central inclosure and stood before the grave of Confucius. Here, under an earthen mound probably 50 feet high and one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, lie the ashes of the Sage, or as the inscription on the stone tablet in front of it says: "The most sacred, the serene Sage, the venerable teacher, the philosopher King." Twenty-six centuries have elapsed since this mound was erected, thousands of millions of sons of Han have lived and died, and still the teachings of the great man form the bible of this most numerous nation on earth. He has impressed his religion and his code of morals on a third of the entire population of the globe, and these millions, from the long line of emperors down to the present day, worship him not as a god, but as a man. They erected no gorgeous temples for sacred shrines over his grave, and no relics of Confucius are worshipped, like the piece of ivory which in the temple of Kandy represents the tooth of Buddha, or the hair from the head of Mohammed in the Mosque of Kairwan. Confucius is not a legendary figure, distorted by the commentaries of priests, but a man like his contemporaries and his descendants, yet with a greater than the deities for whom the peoples of Asia prostrate themselves in the dust.

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